

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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HONOR TO THE FALLEN.

(AN EXTRACT FROM THE COMMEMORATION ODE.)

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern
Or only guess some more inspiring goal
Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,
Along whose course the flying axes burn
Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier
brood;
Long as below we cannot find
The meed that stills the inexorable mind;
So long this faith to some ideal Good,
Under whatever mortal name it masks,
Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood
That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,
Feeling its challenged pulses leap,
While others skulk in subterfuges cheap,
And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it
asks,
Shall win man's praise and woman's love;
Shall be a wisdom that we set above
All other skills and gifts to culture dear,—

A virtue round whose forehead we en-
wreathe
Laurels that with a living passion breathe
When other crowns grow, while we twine
them, sear,
What brings us thronging these high rites
to pay,
And seal these hours the noblest of our year,
Save that our brothers found this better
way?

We sit here in the Promised Land
That flows with Freedom's honey and milk;
But 't was they won it, sword in hand,
Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.
We welcome back our bravest and our
best;—
Ah me! Not all! Some come not with
the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here.
I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,
But the sad strings complain,
And will not please the ear.
I sweep them for a psalm, but they wane
Again and yet again,
Into a dirge, and die away in pain.
In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb
turf wraps,
Dark to the triumph which they died to gain.
Fittier may others greet the living,
For me the past is unforgiving;
I with uncovered head
Salute the sacred dead,
Who went, and who return not.—Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way.

Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No bar of endless night exiles the brave;
And, to the saner mind,
We rather seem the dead who stayed behind.
Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow!
For never shall their aureoled presence lack;
I see them muster in a gleaming row,
With ever-youthful brows that nobler show;
We find in our dull road their shining track;
In every nobler mood
We feel the orient of their spirit glow,
Part of our life's unalterable good,
Of all our saintlier aspiration;
They come transfigured back,
Secure from change in their high-hearted
ways,
Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of morn on their white Shields of Expecta-
tion!

—*James Russell Lowell.*

THE RESURRECTION.

(Readers should have clearly and definitely in mind the Gospel accounts, as found in Matthew xxviii. 1-17; Mark xvi. 1-8; Luke xxiv. 1-12; and John xx. 1-18.)

Observe in the first place that the particulars related took place very early in the morning; John states that it was *yet dark*. Add to this that the light in the sepulchre could not have been the strongest, as those who went in were compelled to stoop. It must have descended more or less abruptly into the earth.

It was not Peter nor John, but women who saw angels at the tomb,—women of whom we are expressly told that they were startled and hurried into a false conclusion, the moment they perceived that the stone had been moved, and were afterwards so affected by affright and joy that they trembled and bowed their faces to the earth, and were almost speechless with amazement.

Two of the historians make no mention of angels. Mark says the women saw “a young man in a long, white garment” and Luke says they saw “two men in shining garments.”

When I venture to doubt whether the women saw angels at the sepulchre, *I do not distrust their statement of the testimony of their senses, but only the inferences which, in the agitation of their minds, they drew from that testimony.* I do not say that the women thought they saw angels when they saw *nothing*, but only that they misapprehended what they saw. I treat them with no disrespect. We are expressly told of two mistakes they made. When they saw the stone rolled away from the sepulchre, they instantly caught at the idea that the body of Jesus had been stolen away. This mistake does not affect their testimony as to the fact that *the stone was removed.* On the contrary, it was so natural a mistake in the then state of their minds, that it goes to prove the reality of the fact of the removal of the stone. The misapprehension into which I am led to believe the women most naturally fell, not only does not affect the reality of the one great Fact, the reappearance of Jesus alive after his death; it lays bare a mass of the most powerful evidence in its favor. Nothing accounts for the misapprehension but *the actual presence of Jesus*; and this accounts for it in a way the most natural and wholly undesigned. Thus Nature unconsciously working in the hearts and the imaginations of the women, becomes a witness to the truth.

Matthew gives us to understand that, after the women reached the sepulchre, “there was an earthquake, and an angel, with a counte-

nance like lightning, and raiment white as snow, descended from heaven and rolled back the stone from the door.” But all the other accounts state that, when the women reached the tomb, the stone was already rolled away. So the story of the earthquake and the descending angel must have been told by the soldiers stationed as a guard at the sepulchre, who, it is said, were so terrified that “they shook, and became as dead men.” Whether they meant to be understood as saying that they saw the angel descend visibly from heaven is by no means certain. The fact that most naturally explains this story of the earthquake and the angel seems to me to be this. Before it was light, and before the women reached the sepulchre, when there were no persons at the spot but the guard, Jesus rolled away the stone and came forth from the sepulchre, clad in the long white habiliment of the grave. The motion of the stone which was “very great,” shook the earth, and as there had been an earthquake the day before, the idea of a similar occurrence naturally suggested itself to the minds of the soldiers. The sudden motion of the stone and the appearance of a figure clad in white filled them with dread; they fled in haste to the city, reporting that an angel had descended from heaven.

It is interesting to observe how much the story told by the soldiers proves. The very fact that only one of the histories makes any mention of the guard, shows that no great importance was attached to their presence at the spot, by the personal followers of Jesus. It is most probable that the disciples knew nothing, until after his resurrection, about the tomb having been watched. And then the evidence they had of the fact of his having risen was so full and satisfying, it was a small matter to them what the guard said, whether there was any guard at all. But the very story which the soldiers told, showing so undesignedly that it emanated from minds overpowered by terror, establishes, in a manner unspeakably impressive, *the fact that there were persons there*, human minds and human senses, thus to be acted upon.

Immediately after the departure of the guard, some women approached the sepulchre. As they drew near, questioning among themselves, whom they should procure to roll away the stone from the entrance, they observed that it was already rolled away. They instantly surmised that the body must have been removed from the place where his friends had laid it. Without waiting to ascertain the correctness of the inference, Mary Magdala rushed back to the city to inform the disciples.

The other women, who stood at the mouth of the sepulchre, full of surprise, and wondering what the removal of the stone could mean, were unexpectedly accosted by what appeared to them (as Mark says) "a young man in a long white garment," or (as Luke says) "by two men in shining garments," or (according to Matthew) by the angel "with raiment white as snow." This person, as I suppose, was *Jesus himself*, just restored to life, and still arrayed in the long white linen in which his body was wrapped when it was taken from the cross. In the dimness of the light, the long white garment of this unknown person (the "fine linen") was the most prominent circumstance. Accordingly we find it mentioned in all the accounts.

But Luke mentions two persons clad in white. Were there two?

When Jesus came to life, he must have thrown off the cloth that was wrapped over his face, and it probably lay near the place where his head had rested. When we recollect how often, in a dim light, white objects have been converted by the imagination into apparitions, is it difficult to conceive that the part of the grave-clothes which Jesus had put off from his head, lying by itself, may have appeared to the highly excited imaginations of some of the women, as another person? Suddenly addressed by a person in white, they were led, in the bewilderment of their minds, by the proximity of another white appearance, to conclude there were two persons present so clad. From the circumstance that the person who spoke to them knew them, and knew the object which brought them to the place, they naturally believed that they were in the presence of supernatural beings.

How do the lights of truth and nature break upon us as we proceed! To think that we should ever have questioned the inspiration of these histories! They are full of it to overflowing,—the Divine inspiration of Nature.

Before Jesus addressed the women, he may have discovered from their voices, from their exclamations of surprise, that they were friends of his. He does not attempt to make himself known, at a time when the dimness of the light rendered it at least doubtful whether the women would recognize him, when their coming to the spot showed that they had no idea of seeing him alive. He speaks of himself in the third person and seeks to allay their alarm. "Be not afraid. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth who was crucified. He is risen. He is not here." (The meaning evidently is "The dead body is not here.") "Go your way. Tell his disciples and Peter that he goeth before you into Galilee; there

shall ye see him, as he said unto you." These words are differently reported by the three historians. The agitation of the women, which was so great that "they bowed their faces to the earth," accounts for the variation. The introduction of the name of Peter is touchingly characteristic of Jesus, and betrays the speaker. Peter had basely denied all knowledge of his master, and well might he doubt whether he could be forgiven an act which he could bring himself to forgive only at the price of a long and bitter repentance. Well might he fear that those eyes would be coldly averted from him, the awful calmness of whose glance had sent into his soul the sharpest agony of remorse! But this most generous Friend hastened to assure his unhappy disciple that the past was forgotten.

The women, having received this message, and believing they had received it from an angel, returned with great haste to the city.

After their departure Peter and John arrived. John mentions, with remarkable particularity, how they found the grave-clothes,—"*the cloth that was about his head not lying with the linen clothes, but wrapped together in a place by itself.*"

Peter and John returned home and left Mary standing near the sepulchre, weeping. "And, as she wept," one of the accounts informs us, "she stooped down and looked into the sepulchre, and seeth two angels in white, sitting one at the head and the other at the feet, where the body of Jesus had lain. And they say unto her, 'Woman, why weepest thou?' She saith unto them, 'Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him.'" This passage is very curious, and I entreat the close attention of the reader.

In the first place, it is to be considered that the sepulchre was dark in a degree, and that Mary's eyes were dimmed with tears. I believe that, as Mary stood weeping by the sepulchre, she stooped down and looked into it. Her attention was immediately arrested by the white appearances,—the grave-clothes that lay there. I do not suppose that she knew *what* it was she saw. As she believed that the body had been taken away, she must have presumed, before she looked into the tomb, that the grave-clothes were taken away also. Just as she looked into the tomb and caught sight of the white objects, a voice addressed her. Before she had finished answering it, her ear caught the sound of some one approaching behind her and she immediately turned around and saw Jesus, but did not at first recognize him. I suppose that the first question, "Woman, why weepest thou?" (which in the history is

attributed to angels) was put by Jesus, who, unobserved himself, had approached her and seen her attitude of grief. It may be doubted whether, at the moment, Mary supposed that the first question came from the sepulchre; I presume that at first she did not exactly know from what direction it came. Before she finished her reply she heard some one near her. As soon as she turned round, Jesus repeated the question, adding, "Whom seekest thou?"

When Jesus perceived that Mary did not know him, he said to her, "Mary!" How simple and touching! How true to nature and to the character of Jesus was this mode of making himself known!

After Mary had thus seen Jesus, she returned to the city. There she met the other women, and found that they had seen what they considered as angels. Was it not natural that she should instantly conclude that the white objects which she had seen in the sepulchre were the very angels who had been seen by her friends and had spoken to them? The appearances which had startled her were now explained; and when afterwards she related her part in the exciting scenes of that eventful morning, she hesitated not to say that she had seen the angels.

The fact of the reappearance of Jesus alive is thus clad in the imperishable garb of Truth. The unconscious naturalness of the states of mind disclosed in the participants of these thrilling scenes is revealed by the supposition of the *unrecognized presence of Jesus*; and this again is corroborated in its turn by all the nature which it reveals. At first view the four accounts of the resurrection appear to be irregular, brief, and fragmentary. But let them be questioned by a simple love of truth mingled with a wise reverence for nature, and then they are transfigured, and truth and nature recognize in them their own inspiration.—W. H. Furness, in "*Jesus and His Biographers*."

THE STILL HOUR.

A HYMN OF EASTER DAY.

Lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die!

Vain were the terrors that gathered around
Him,

And short the dominion of death and the
grave;

He burst from the fetters of darkness that
bound Him,

Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.

Loud was the chorus of angels on high,—
"The Saviour hath risen, and man shall not
die!"

Glory to God in full anthems of joy!

The being He gave us death cannot destroy.

Sad were the life we must part with to-
morrow.

If tears were our birthright and death
were our end;

But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
sorrow,

And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
Lift then your glad voices in triumph on high!
For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not die!

—Henry Ware.

THE GREAT MORNING.

Thanks be to God that every night, how-
ever dark, has its morning. We wake; the
light of a new day streaks the East. We go
at once to the tomb, as Mary did, carrying
our spices of deathless love. We wonder if
there be any power strong enough to roll that
stone away. But, lo, as we look, it is rolled
away, and an angel voice says, "Not here, but
risen." This is God's world. He owns it
all, its sepulchres as well as its gardens.
God's angels of comfort are a mighty host,
and He knows just what ones to send to roll
our stone away. The graves of our loved
ones are empty now; new hopes glorified
take the place of old hopes buried.

It is Easter with us, the octave of our
Palm Sunday. The old note of joy is now
repeated, but another note is struck, an
octave higher. The promise of our Palm
Sunday is fulfilled, but not in the way we
then hoped. Two suns rise this morning,—
one to quicken the earth, the other to quicken
the soul. No wonder it has been called The
Great Morning. Would we could always live
in the light of it; that all the experiences of
our Passion Week,—our season of Promise
of Purification, of Controversy, of Bargain
of Communion, of Crucifixion, of Darkness,—
might be lighted with the Resurrection Hope
of the Immortal Day.—William Phillips
Tilden.

THE EASTER MESSAGE.

This is "the Life!" Not that he came again
Into these misty twilights of the earth,
But that he rose at once from death and pain
To Heaven's immortal birth!

This is "the Resurrection!" No mere form
Out of death's gloom an hour's revisit given,
But the great Life, above earth's change and
storm,
Forever in God's heaven!

O death, that ever followeth after life!
 O life, that ever cometh out of death!
 Now do we know, in that great, ceaseless
 strife,
 'Tis Life that conquereth!

So "Christ is risen" is not alone their strain
 Who can receive the ancient word of faith;
 But for all hearts that hear, and not in vain,
 His Gospel,—which each spring repeats
 again,—
 Of Life that conquers death.

—Brooke Herford.

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass., tel. Quincy 1140.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed here.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS.

See letters of Mrs. Hall and Mrs. Craig.

OFFERS.

The Cambridge Branch offers the following list of books. Address Miss E. Clarke, 36 Lancaster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Please write your name and address plainly. "A Short History of the English People," Green; "Young Folks' History of the United States," Higginson; "The Three Musketeers," Dumas; "Events and Epochs in Religious History," James Freeman Clarke; Whittier's Poems; Burns's Poetical Works; Poe's Essays; Homer's Odyssey; "English Traits," Emerson; Shakespeare's Plays; Shakespeare's Julius Cæsar; "Iran and the Iranians," Mirza; "The Squire of Sandleside," Amelia Barr; "The Sign of the Four," Conan Doyle; "How to Stay Young," C. D. Larson; "Lyrics of Joy," Frank Dempster Sherman; also children's readers, and text-books in arithmetic, English grammar, physics, French grammar, French readers, and Latin grammar.

Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass., offers "The Vision of Sir Launfal" and the "Commemoration Ode" of James Russell Lowell; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe; "The Man without a Country," by Edward Everett Hale; also the following by James Freeman Clarke: "Deacon Herbert's Bible Class," "Common Sense in Religion," "The

Old and New View of the Hereafter," "Homes in Heaven and on Earth," "Many Mansions in God's House," and "What God Gives He Gives Forever."

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The *Christian Register*, offered in January by Miss Kingman, has been given to the first applicant. Miss Kingman regrets that she has no other copy to send to other applicants.

REQUESTS.

1. Mrs. Rachel Hines, Athens, Texas, Route 1, Box 92, asks for reading for her boy (school age) who is in poor health; and a picture-book for her five-year-old boy. His birthday will be June 5.

2. I am a reader of *The Cheerful Letter*. I live in the mountains of North Carolina. There are many people here who have no reading matter of any kind. We should like good books or magazines; also any kind of scraps suitable for quilts. Anything sent to Lansing, North Carolina, in my name will be thankfully received and faithfully distributed. I hope you can do something for us. J. R. Weaver.

3. I have been receiving *The Cheerful Letter* through some friend and have also been getting magazines. Will you please print this and allow me to thank those who have so kindly remembered me? I am a busy farmer's wife and have four little ones from eight months to seven years; when I am too tired to take another step it is such a pleasure to have a magazine, ready to take my mind off my many tasks. So, many, many thanks to all! And may I ask to be still remembered? Some time ago I had several copies of the *Ladies' Home Journal* sent me with a serial "The Blue Letter," but I did not get all of it. It was so interesting, and I was very much disappointed not to finish it. I should like to have the whole of that should any one still have it, or any other serial. Any of the following I should like to receive: *To-Day's Magazine*; *Woman's Home Companion*; *Ladies' Home Journal*; *American Magazine*; and a good novel sometimes. I never see any one during the winter and I get so lonely without something to read. I always pass my reading on. My brother, Thomas Lewis Pleasants, Pedlar Mills, Virginia, a bachelor of twenty-seven years, would like to get reading and would like some *Cheerful Letter* friend to correspond with him. His minister is E. R. Crawley, Agricola, Virginia. Mrs. John R. Harris, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

4. I should be glad to get reading for myself and children. I have seven children. Should also like scraps for patchwork. Mrs. Mary Williams, Ferrum, Virginia.

5. It has been a long time since I have seen my letters in print. I have moved from Elamsville to Stuart, Virginia. Will you please send me some reading for myself and a grandson that lives with me? I am a widow and get very lonely. Mrs. Bettie Hall, Stuart, Virginia.

6. Mrs. Anna E. Little, Ansonville, North Carolina, Box 213, asks for A B C books, and light reading for herself.

7. Mrs. Isabel Bailey, Toronto, Kansas, an elderly woman, would be grateful for a good book, as she is able to get out but little.

8. About two years ago I wrote asking you to please send me some reading matter. I received several magazines; also a couple of books which I enjoyed very much and for which I should like to thank those who sent them. I wrote to all who sent their addresses. Am afraid you have taken me off your list, as I haven't received any books or magazines for so long. I should like to have some more, as my health is very poor and I cannot get out much. Mrs. W. W. Davis, Pedlar Mills, Virginia.

9. Mrs. H. L. McKittrick, Nyssa, Oregon, will appreciate good reading.

10. I am writing to *The Cheerful Letter* for the first time. I am a little girl twelve years old, and I live in the country, where it is very lonely. My father and mother are getting old, and all my sisters and brothers are married but one; he is smaller than I. I should be so glad of some good books, story papers, and cards. Miss Addie Eanes, Bassett, Virginia, R. F. D. 1.

11. I am thankful for *The Cheerful Letter* and should be glad to get Mother Goose rhymes, or any books and magazines. I should appreciate patchwork pieces of any kind. Mrs. Annie Simpson, Route 5, Farmville, Virginia.

12. I wish to thank you all for sending me papers and silk scraps. I should be glad of any kind of calico or gingham scraps sent to me for the girl that has no mother. I should be glad, too, if the *Cheerful Letter* friends would send my sister, Miss Dilly F. Nolen, Endicott, Virginia, Box 24, any kind of patchwork, as she has bad health and has to stay indoors; she has lots of lonely hours. Mrs. Elsie Jamison, Elamsville, Virginia.

13. I live in the country and am often very lonesome. I am twenty-one years old, and I have been married four years. I haven't any children and my husband is away from home a great deal. We are poor folks and have to work hard for our living. A lady gave me *The Cheerful Letter* and I enjoyed reading it. I should be glad of other reading matter. I should appreciate it very much. Mrs. Pearl Rakes, Endicott, Virginia.

14. If the following books are not already given out I should be glad to get them: "Base-Ball Joe, of the Silver Stars," "Bud die," "Tum-Tum, the Jolly Elephant," "Bird Children," "Out of Doors with Tennyson," "Tilda Jane," "Among the Malay Pirates," and "The Nürnberg Stove." I have four children and we all love to read, so these books will be greatly appreciated. We are home missionaries for the Methodist Episcopal Church (South) of the North Carolina Conference. We have been in a cotton-mill village for four years this December. We also have one mill church away from here and two country churches, so the demands for good reading are heavy. Any good books or magazines will be greatly appreciated. Mrs. N. B. Strickland, Swensonville, North Carolina.

15. Wanted, books and magazines of all kinds; especially ones treating on Unitarianism. S. W. James, Warrensville, Ashtabula County, North Carolina.

16. Mrs. S. M. Coverdale, 1860 East Main Street, Columbus, Ohio, would be grateful for any of Alice Hegan Rice's books, especially "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

17. *McCall's* or the *Delineator* for 1919 asked for by Mrs. Claudia Beard, Lenoir, North Carolina.

18. Mrs. A. D. Trevey, Naola, Virginia, will be glad of reading for herself, and story books for her children.

19. Mrs. Nellie Craig has moved to Mayodan, North Carolina, from Campbell. Her husband's health would not allow him to do the heavy farm work; he can now work half the time in a cotton mill. They have five small children. Will some friend send her *Little Folks' Magazine* and pictures?

20. I should appreciate reading and scraps more now than at any time, as all my sisters are married but one, and she is not able to read much. My father is seventy years old and my mother sixty-four. We live on a farm. Father was down last summer with head

trouble and he can't do a great deal. I help him on the farm all I can. I am twenty-one years old and not very strong. Beulah Rincer, Athens, Tennessee, Route 8.

21. Mrs. Alice Bryant, Dodson, Virginia, asks for suitable reading for five girls and one boy.

22. I should greatly appreciate *Modern Priscilla* for 1919; also *Ladies' Home Journal*, or any magazine that teaches fancy work. Miss Mary Blanton, Wallace, North Carolina, R. F. D. 1, Box 97.

23. Mrs. C. R. Peake, Holladay, Spotsylvania County, Virginia, would like to receive regularly a New York newspaper and a Western newspaper.

24. A fashion book or *Harper's Bazar* is asked for by Clara Brown, White Wright, Texas, Route 5, Box 81.

25. I am twenty-one years old, have been married nearly three years, and am living in a little village at Madison Heights, Virginia. I have been a member of the Brethren Church for a number of years, and am trying to live up to my Bible. I should enjoy some good religious books. I have a brother-in-law in service in France. I should be just delighted if you would please send me some silk and velvet pieces to finish my quilt, and if some one could send me *Needlecraft*. I spend most of my time all alone. I have no family, only my husband and myself, and I get very lonesome. Mrs. Walter L. Burley, Madison Heights, Virginia.

26. It has been five or six years since I knocked for admittance. I haven't heard from any one for a long time. Will some kind ladies send me some reading? I live in the country seven miles from the railroad. I fell and crippled my back last fall and have not recovered yet. I want to ask some friend to send me scraps for patchwork; any kind will be appreciated. Mrs. W. H. Latham, Atlas, Tennessee, Route 8.

27. Miss Edith W. Herndon, Granite Springs, Virginia, sends thanks for reading matter that she has received. She asks for "The Story Girl" and "Pollyanna Grown Up."

28. C. Henry Gilbert, a boy ten years of age, will be glad of cards and a suitable book. Address Sandidges, Virginia.

29. I live in a small village. I should like very much to become a member of the Book Club and receive some reading matter, good magazines of any kind; also books and cards

for the children. For reference I send name of Rev. C. V. Steininger. Mrs. W. Hope Bradley, Sandidges, Virginia, Box 33.

30. Mrs. Helen M. Warner, New Boston, New Hampshire, writes: I should be very glad of a box or bundle of magazines (prefer *Scribner's*) and any other good reading. There are five families here who borrow of me. We are three miles from the village.

31. Mrs. Jane Richardson, Elamsville, Virginia, the mother of seven children (John, aged fourteen; oldest girl, Flonnie, aged eleven; and others ranging to eighteen months), asks for reading and cards.

32. I should be glad of the *Youth's Companion*, even if they are back numbers. Any good books and magazines would be highly appreciated. Mrs. L. L. Lyon, Whitakers, North Carolina, Route 4, Box 19.

33. It has been a long time since I wrote to our dear old Cheerful Letter paper; but I sure have enjoyed it and all the reading the good friends have sent me in the past. I thank every one. I should be so grateful if some one would send me magazines; and I want to ask some one to send my dear old mother-in-law some quilt pieces,—Mrs. M. J. Simmons, Athens, Texas, Route 1, Box 39. She is sixty-seven years old and can't do anything all the cold winter but piece quilts and knit. She can't read or write, as she was here in the early days when there was no free school. Her father was in the Civil War. Mrs. Ella Simmons.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

DISCUSSION.

In the February number of *The Cheerful Letter*, readers were asked to state their views on a problem of methods in dealing with children. (A mother had been quoted as declaring that a certain proposed way of dealing with a trying situation could not be accepted by a real "mother-heart.") A correspondent in California sends us this genuinely helpful comment:—

"I will snatch a few moments from the busy hours to say a word to the little 'mother-heart' lady. She is quite right about the mother-heart, as far as she goes. Children's faults should be corrected with as little consciousness as possible on their part. The daughter's question, 'What are mothers for?' could be supplemented by 'What are children for?' One might say, To become good citizens and to give happiness to those about

them. Can this be so, if the child thinks only of itself? ❧❧❧

"Parents, provoke not your children to wrath,' and 'Children, obey your parents in the Lord,' carry to both a message of loving responsibility. If applied with wisdom, it would lighten the cares of the mother and make the childish heart glad. If the mother could rise fully to the situation, she might begin by giving the children old, past-wearing stockings, and let them sew or tie up the holes, and use those to tie the knots in for play, charging them to help mother by saving the good ones to go visiting with. I would like to hear from some one else." (Mrs.) Amilda F. Edwards, Placerville, Cal.

CARE OF THE CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Because the child's first teeth are only temporary, many mothers seem inclined to think them of little importance and not worth taking much pains to preserve. That, however, is a great mistake. It is true that the milk teeth are gradually replaced between the sixth and the twelfth years, yet they have very important work to perform. In the first place the child needs them for mastication just as he needs the permanent teeth later. In young children the digestive organs are not so strong as they are later, and the food must be well broken up in the mouth in order that the stomach may be able to take care of it properly. Just as the aged who have lost their teeth often suffer from digestive ills, owing to imperfect mastication, so the child who prematurely loses his teeth usually suffers during the interval before the permanent teeth erupt to take the place of those lost.

The teeth as organs of speech are necessary for producing many of the consonantal sounds; if the child loses them early, he may acquire a habit of mispronouncing that will persist in later life. But even more important than that is the part the milk teeth play in moulding the jaw and preparing it for holding the permanent teeth. There are twelve more teeth in the permanent set than in the first,—three on each side in each jaw,—and although the natural increase in size of the jaws provides for the extra number, it is a snug fit. If the child loses his milk teeth too soon, the normal increase in size of the jaws does not occur, and the new teeth are crowded together, pushed out of line, or twisted, and an ugly and deformed mouth results.

Apart from the question of future ills, there are dangers of infection to which a dirty

mouth exposes the child. As a writer in dental journal has said, there is in the clean mouth of a child an area of several square feet—including the surfaces of the teeth—covered with filth which, if it were the surface of the body, would cause the mother no little alarm. The mouth is an ideal place for the growth of bacteria—both those germs that produce decay of the teeth and those that invade the body, causing diphtheria, pneumonia, tuberculosis, and other disabling or fatal diseases. The child's mouth deserves as much attention as the adult's, and the toothbrush, the dentifrice, and the mouth wash are necessary parts of his toilet equipment. Brushing the teeth regularly morning and night from early childhood will establish one of the best habits that a child can acquire.—*The Youth's Companion*.

A QUEEN'S DOLLS.

We do not think of a queen playing with dolls. Queens seem to us superior beings, set apart from the common things of life and above ordinary people. Yet queens were once little girls, with the same feelings and desires as other little girls. Although they are called princesses when they are children, they play and enjoy like other children.

In Kensington Palace in London is a room that Queen Victoria occupied in her girlhood days. The windows look out on Kensington Park, that stretches far away with grand old trees, and a beautiful lake. She often played in the park on summer days.

In this room, a girl of eighteen, Victoria received the embassy who came to bring her the news of the death of King George IV. of England, and to announce to her that she was Queen of England. A picture of the princess at this age hangs in the room.

This apartment remains much as it was at that day; the furniture is the same as when the princess lived in it, and where she spent much of her happy young life. There is the tiny chair in which she sat and toys she played with. In one corner is the cradle of her baby days. On the side of the room is a large playhouse with different apartments,—parlor, dining-room, reception-room, bedroom, furnished like the royal houses of that time. Hanging against the walls are the pictures she loved to look at.

The object of greatest interest in this apartment is a large glass case that stands

the centre. It is long and high, in shape something like the roof of a house. In this case are preserved the dolls of Queen Victoria's childhood, real dolls that she loved, and played with—hundreds of them! They are arranged in tiers, one above the other, on all sides of the case, and they make a beautiful sight. One thinks of those days so long ago, and of the happy princess who played with those dolls, who sang to them, rocked them, and put them to sleep in their little wooden cradles.

I am afraid the children of to-day would think that some of these dolls were very queer indeed, with their funny little jointed arms and legs, and their painted wooden faces. Most of the dolls are made of wood, but in those days children did not have the pink and white wax dolls that we see to-day. They were not made then.

The dolls in this case are of all sizes. Some are quite large, but most of them are small, a few even very tiny, not more than two inches high. All of them, even the smallest ones, are exquisitely dressed in clothes made by the queen's own hand. Though this family of dolls was so large, the Princess Victoria made all of their clothing herself, with the help of a little princess who played with her. You can see the tiny stitches. Some of the work shows the efforts of her younger days, but the young princess evidently improved in needlework, for most of the work is very carefully done, and some of it, indeed, is beautiful.

The dolls are dressed elaborately to represent persons of importance—prince and princess, duke and duchess, count and countess. Some have fans in their hands, others carry tiny parasols.

The Princess Victoria lived a free and happy life, dressing simply and entering into childish sports. She was a healthy child and enjoyed living. She was loving and happy herself, and tried to make others happy.

Queen Victoria had a very sensible mother who wanted her little daughter to be good and happy. She encouraged her to engage in all the innocent pleasures of childhood, and she played like other children. When Victoria grew up and became queen, she did not forget the lessons, and she became a wise and loving mother herself to her children, and a kind and just sovereign. She remembered her childhood days, and kept her dolls, and no doubt she often went to Kensington Palace to look at them. This palace is about a mile from Buckingham Palace, which is the London home of her grandson, the present king, George V.—*Julia A. Robinson, in the Christian Register.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

WHAT BOYS AND GIRLS CAN DO FOR THE WILD BIRDS.

Provide water for the birds. Keep drinking-water in shallow dishes somewhere above the level of the ground, near trees or shrubs. Notice what kinds of birds drink or bathe there. Build and keep, the year round, in some retired corner a neat brush-pile as a shelter and playhouse for birds.

Learn to recognize different kinds of birds by their various calls, songs, and habits of flight.

Notice what kinds of foods (*e.g.*, seeds, insects, etc.) are preferred by different kinds of birds.

Make bird-houses out of wooden boxes, with openings of the right size for doorways, and openings for ventilation. Birds need fresh air, but often refuse to nest in draughty places. Provide nesting materials ready for their use,—grasses, leaves, strings, horse-hair, bits of wool and cotton, feathers, moss, or other soft materials. Put them on a brush-pile or a low bush. It is interesting to see which materials the birds will choose to carry away for use.

Make a map showing the location of birds' nests in your neighborhood, just as a map might be made showing the location of people's houses.

Do not disturb birds during the nesting season. Most birds will desert their nests if people visit them often, and especially if the eggs are touched. Ground-nesting birds often come to grief because visitors make a trail which clever cats and other bird enemies afterwards follow. Never catch young birds that are learning to fly. The parents seldom find and feed little ones that have been carried away from the nests.

A letter to the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, D.C., asking for copies of Bulletins numbered 493, 609, 630, and 760 will bring very interesting information to anyone who cares for our singing neighbors.—*Adapted from Mrs. G. R. Pike's notes in Bird Lore.*

Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see.
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain

In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

—A. A. Procter.

CHILDREN'S CLASSICS.

KING ARTHUR AND THE KNIGHTS OF THE
ROUND TABLE.

(Continued.)

These stories of an ancient hero-king of Britain and his friends were for many centuries told and retold without being written down. Then, between four and five hundred years ago, Sir Thomas Malory made a book of the familiar tales. The quaint, old-fashioned language of the stories gives them an added charm.

When Sir Gareth overtook the scornful damsel, she looked upon him coldly, and believed not that he had valor in him. For she knew that he had lived a whole year as a humble helper in the king's castle, and she despised him for a kitchen boy.

"Say to me what ye list," said Sir Gareth, "I will not go from you; for I have undertaken for King Arthur's sake to achieve your adventure, and I will do it."

And, as they rode along, there came a man flying with all his might, and crying, "Help, good sir; for six thieves have taken my lord and bound him, and I fear they will yet slay him." "Bring me thither," said Sir Gareth, and he rode unto the thieves. With the first stroke of his sword slew he the first villain, and with the second stroke a second man, and with the third stroke the third man. Then the other three fled that they might not also get their deserts. Then Sir Gareth unbound the noble knight, who gave him right hearty thanks for the work of his good sword; and the knight prayed him to go on to his own castle, where some right reward might be given for the service. But Sir Gareth answered: "Sir, I will have no reward. I was this day made a knight, the fellow of Sir Launcelot, under our lord the King. I will have no reward but God's. And now I must follow on with this damsel."

So they rode on and on and on through the forests and by the green fields. And at last they came to a noble castle, where dwelt the Lady of Lyonesse, a prisoner. For her sake had the damsel ridden to the king's court to ask for help.

"Now," said the damsel, "yonder is the place where many a strong man has given his life in vain to rescue Dame Lyonesse from him who hath seized her castle. He is known as the Knight of the Red Lawns. In him is no courtesy, no mercy. Every knight that would rescue the lady of the castle he hath shamefully slain without pity. None have been strong enough to withstand his might."

"There is yet time for him to meet his master," said Sir Gareth. And he looked up to the castle window, and there stood the imprisoned lady, the fairest on whom his

eyes had ever looked. "Now truly," said he to the damsel, "she shall be my lady, and for her sake will my good sword gladly leave out to my hand."

Then came out from the castle a knight in armor all of red, with a red shield held before him. And Sir Gareth rode swiftly to him, that the lady of the castle might be freed. All the long morning did the two fight mightily, and at last the Red Knight lay on the ground, and he yielded him and prayed for mercy that his life might be spared. And all his men-at-arms came also and kneeled them down, and said unto Sir Gareth, "Fair knight, we pray you to take his homage and fealty, and not to slay him; by his death ye shall have no advantage, for then his misdeeds may not be undone. But let him and us all live, your men; and we will follow you right loyally." "For your sake," replied Sir Gareth, "I will spare the life of the Red Knight, if so be it that he obtains forgiveness of the noble Lady of Lyonesse and makes full amends to her for his grievous trespasses. This the Red Knight gladly did agree to do. Then the damsel drew near and tended the wounds and made them well.

And the Lady of Lyonesse looked down from her window to Sir Gareth, knowing that he loved her. And she said: "Go thy way, Sir Knight, and labor in arms for a twelve month; and then ye shall have tidings from me. Till my death I shall love you and none other." So at the next Michaelmas day they were married by the consent and good favor of King Arthur. And great and mighty lands and great riches gave to them the noble King Arthur, that royally they might live to their life's end.

All this time, when the noble knights of King Arthur were gathered together about the Round Table, one place was still vacant—the one called the *Seat Perilous*, wherein no man had been found worthy to sit.

It came about, one year, that on the eve of Pentecost there came messengers riding and saying to Sir Launcelot that a young squire much desired to be made a knight. The youth was tall and beautiful beyond the manner of men, and he seemed well fit for the fellowship of the court; so Sir Launcelot bade him pray all through the night before the altar of the church, that God would give him grace to perform such vows as were to be made. Then at prime Sir Launcelot made him a knight; Sir Galahad was his name. And Sir Launcelot said, "God make him a good man! for beauty is his beyond any that liveth."

(To be concluded.)

THE AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Address everything relating to the Amusement Column to Mr. Henry A. Jenks, 238 Willow Avenue, West Somerville, Mass. Contributors are requested to write on one side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly (not necessarily for publication) and send the answers to the puzzles on a separate slip of paper.]

I.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.

In cold, but not in hot.
 In lost, but not in found.
 In peace, but not in war.
 In meat, but not in pie.
 In near, but not in far.
 In pen, but not in ink.
 In cent, but not in dime.
 In east, but not in south.
 In star, but not in moon.
 In house, but not in barn.
 My *whole* is a famous Frenchman.

II.

HIDDEN IN U. S. CAPITALS.

1. Sambo Stone is a well-known clown.
2. She has a universal emblem.
3. The lions left the den very quietly.
4. Elsie McLellan sings very sweetly.
5. Ethel, Ena, and Ruth are coming.
6. At first Pauline was afraid.
7. The nomad is on the desert.
8. The steeple-jack's only fear was the wind.
9. Mr. Brown took Charles to Nashua.
10. The River Diamond overflowed annually.

—*The Beacon.*

III.

ADDITIONS AND TRANSPOSITIONS.

Begin with a one-letter word; prefix a letter and jumbled type will result; transpose and prefix a letter and there will be a rent; prefix another letter and you'll have a stumble; affix a letter and you'll be in possession of certain animal food; mix all up; prefix another letter and you'll see a ghost; mix all up again; affix a letter and it will be streaked; insert a letter and it will be naked as a deciduous tree in winter.

—*Scattered Seeds.*

IV.

CHANGED INITIALS.

Example: Change to move off to a connoisseur.

Answer: Budge—Judge.

1. Change the front part of an animal's head to a step.
2. Change the native form of a metal to a part of the verb "to be."
3. Change a sore to labor.
4. Change a fabric of fine thread to a contest in running.
5. Change an atom to frozen fluid.
6. Change anger to the native form of a metal.
7. Change anxiety to a deduction from the gross weight.
8. Change the skin of an animal to the part of a person on the right hand or left.
9. Change grass cut and dried for fodder to the time between the rising and setting of the sun.
10. Change a pronoun to a preposition.
11. Change the part behind or at the back to a twelvemonth.

When the changes have been rightly made and the words written one below another the initial letters will spell the name of an April holiday.

V.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. If a germ is a germ in Germany, what is it in France? In Ireland?
2. Why is a horse the most curious feeder in the world?
3. Why is the nose in the middle of the face?

—*Selected.*

Answers to puzzles in the March number.

I. INITIAL LETTER PUZZLE: Evacuation of Boston.

II. SQUARE: T A F T
 A R E A
 F E A R
 T A R E

III. CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS: 1. Julia Ward Howe. 2. William Dean Howells. 3. J. G. Saxe. 4. Francis Scott Key. 5. N. P. Willis.

IV. OCTAGON: A P T
 A P R O N
 P R A T E
 T O T E D
 N E D

V. NUMERICAL PUZZLE: Bayard Taylor. Henry W. Longfellow. William Shakespeare. George Gordon Noel Byron. James Russell Lowell.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

Chairman of the Cheerful Letter Exchange, Mrs. Hubert Pope, 39 Kenneth Street, West Roxbury, Mass.

Editor of The Cheerful Letter, Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 5 Brimmer St., Boston, Mass.

Book Club Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 25 Fairmount Way, Quincy, Mass.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

Any minister (of any sect) who receives this paper is cordially invited to distribute the copies of *The Cheerful Letter* received among lonely members of his parish, shut-ins or invalids of whom he may know. He is also invited to write to our headquarters (see address on this page) and give names and addresses of those who may be cheered and helped by becoming our correspondents.

No theology is disseminated in our paper. All the religious matter is intended merely to strengthen, cheer, and comfort those in need of such practical help.

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Offers and requests should be sent to Mrs. T. G. Lacey, 35 East 30th Street, New York City.